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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

Western Ohio Pioneer Association,

AT NEW CARLISLE, SEPT. 23d. 1876.

AND ADDRESS BY

Judge W. Mills,

OF YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO.

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PROCEEDINGS

—OF THE—

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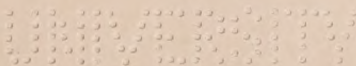
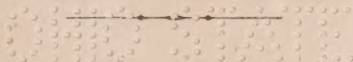
AT NEW CARLISLE,

SEPTEMBER 23rd, 1876,

AND ADDRESS BY

JUDGE W. MILLS,

OF YELLOW SPRINGS, O.



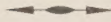
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO:

REPUBLIC PRINTING COMPANY, PRINTERS,

1877,

STX
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1877

OFFICERS.



E. T. WEAKLY, PRESIDENT.

H. H. YOUNG, SECRETARY.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

GEORGE J. STAFFORD,
DR. GREENE,
WM. MITCHELL,
SAMUEL SULLIVAN,
CAPT. D. I. SMITH,
SMITH WALLACE,

JOHN MERANDA,
JOHN LOUKE,
D. McNEAL,
N. H. ALBAUGH,
HENRY WILLIAMS,
JAMES BALYNTINE,

ABRAM BRAKE,
FRANK JOHNSON,
JOHN BROWN,
JOHN BRADENBURG,
I. F. SHARTEL,
WM. HILL.

STATE GEO

WISCONSIN

PROGRAMME.



First meeting of the Western Ohio Pioneer Association, at New Carlisle, Ohio,
at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Music by the Band.

Song by the Young Folks' Choir, under the direction of Prof. G. Stevens—"The
Lord hath not dealt so with any other Nation."

Prayer by Rev. A. Murphy.

Singing by the Old Folks' Choir—Easter Anthem.

A Poem—Welcome to the Pioneers—composed by Mrs. Judge W. Mills.

Introductory remarks by the President.

Singing by the Old Folks, under the leadership of John Louke.

Address by Judge W. Mills, of Yellow Springs.

Music by the Band.

Remarks by the Pioneers, interspersed with music by the Old Folks.

Dinner.

Re-assembling at 1½ o'clock.

Addresses by Pioneers, and Music.

SONG.

WELCOME TO THE PIONEERS.

BY MRS. JUDGE W. MILLS.

Welcome, friends ! a kindly greeting,
To our comrades, tried and true,
Welcome to our first great meeting,
Olden memories to renew.
Time was when these woods resounding
With the whoop of savage foe,
That the nimble deer went bounding
In summer's heat and winter's snow.

Then was heard the sound of rifle,
And the axe of the pioneer,
For the labor was no trifle,
The forest wilderness to clear.
Silent now the foe is sleeping
Where the camp-fire once shone bright,
And the trees are vigil keeping
Through summer's day and winter's night.

Welcome to this feast of reason,
And the genial flow of soul—
In our midst there dwells no treason,
Nature's crystal fills the bowl.
Friendship's hand we here extend you,
Pledge anew the love of old,
Better far a friend that's true,
Than mines of shining gold.

Friends and kinsmen, welcome greeting,
Share the pleasures of our cheer,
For the summer days are fleeting,
And the autumn draweth near.
Time comes creeping with the story,
Manhood must soon bow to age,
Dark locks then be changed to hoary,
Laughing youth becomes a sage.

We have gathered here for pleasure,
And to recount the thrilling deeds
Of noble men who used their treasure
Freely, for each other's needs.
Every man was then a *brother*,
None so poor he had *no friend*,
Each was sponsor for the other,
Free to borrow, give or lend.

England once was called our mother,
But she ruled us with a rod,
So we left her for another,
Columbia, and freedom's God.
Here we built by flowing waters,
Homes of love wherein to dwell,
And schools, to rear our sons and daughters,
That they might learn their duty well.

Some are from Carolina,
Others crossed the briny sea,
All the way from Maine to Georgia,
With now and then an "F. F. V."
Some claim Spain, France or Holland,
Others still, green Erin's Isle,
While the chief from bonnie Scotland,
Will bring up the rank and file.

Speak ye Greek, or French, or Spanish,
Cross the moor, or mountain high,
Call in German, Hebrew, Danish,
To each and all we make reply—
Welcome to this land of beauty,
Welcome to each pioneer,
Every man must do his duty,
There must be no laggard here.

Though our President is *Weakly*,
And our Secretary *Young*,
They will do their duty meekly,
When this greeting ode is sung.
Louke we have, and Smiths, and Corey,
And many more, with memory's *Greene*,
Who can tell a thrilling story
Of wondrous things they've heard and seen,

Lowery-ing skies are sometimes dreary,
But *Bakers* always plenty bring,
When *Layton* speaks, 'tis ever cheery,
While *Sullivan* says just the thing.
Now we've lingered long in greeting,
With the *sterner* pioneer,
While our very hearts are beating,
For the *mothers* ever dear.

What would be a home for manhood,
Where no woman's smile was seen?
Though the ancient walls of Troy stood,
Helen would still be a queen.
So we give her kindly greeting,
Mother, sister, sweet-heart, friend;
For without her, this first meeting
At its birth, its life would end,

Miami shall be our mother,
Ohio our chosen home,
And we welcome every brother
To cast their lot, nor further roam.
Thus we end our song of welcome,
To each worthy pioneer,
Though the way be long and toilsome,
Happiness our age shall cheer.

Pioneers, we hope to meet you,
When another year has fled,
And with warm hearts may we greet you,
When we've lived, and loved, and wed.
Hand and heart in friendship given,
In a welcome warm and true,
Tells at least that we have striven,
Olden ties to thus renew.

ADDRESS.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Committee :

How auspicious the hour, and favoring the circumstances, that invite us to participate in the festivities of the present occasion. Most heartily we welcome and rejoice in the reunion of the old settlers constituting this Western Ohio Pioneer Association. Happy the day, so long and delightfully anticipated, laden with fresh assurances of warm friendships and cordial greetings. The smiling heavens above us, and the charming landscape, opening out before us, all teeming with the rich luxuriance of nature's golden season, fragrant with ripened harvests of fruit and grain, tend to fill our hearts with joy and gratitude. The bending orchard, and luscious grape, the dotted fields of clustering stacks, the fleecy flocks and lowing herds, quietly grazing near homes of comfort and elegance, all contribute to form a pleasing panorama of rare beauty and delight. The very atmosphere around us has a soothing influence, and is redolent with the sweet strains of both vocal and instrumental music, still reverberating in dying cadences through the undulating waves of the tremulous and leafy forest. 'Tis a fitting time then, for memory's casket to be thrown open, and the treasury of knowledge replenished with many, and interesting reminiscences of the long ago, and now fast receding past. Seated upon this platform and sheltered in this beautiful grove of richest verdure, may now be seen many of the early pioneers, both Fathers and Mothers—venerable for their years as well as notable for their historic deeds and high character, living witnesses of the toilsome and dangerous life of frontiersmen—themselves the bold and sturdy founders of our great and glorious commonwealth, in the dark days of border deprivation and savage war.

fare. They are yet with us, to bear testimony to the fierce conflicts, mighty changes and marvellous results, all a part of their own history—in the personal experience, labor, forecast and wisdom, in developing and making possible all the present and future greatness and renown, of our own grand and noble State—Ohio.

In no past ages of the world, can there be found any parallel case, where, from an original and chaotic condition of primeval wilderness, and gross barbarism, the first settlers of towns, cities and nationalities, have lived to witness their growth and highest culmination in the arts and sciences, in intellectual and moral culture, and in all the amenities and refinements of the most advanced, civilized and christian society, as is now every where seen throughout all this highly improved and beautiful region. For while we contemplate the scene before us, and cast our eye within the range of ordinary vision, we see rising up within a living memory, the serried ranks of Gen'l Wayne's army, in 1794, on their weary march to Greenville, and in close proximity, we hear the war whoop of the savage foe, as the dying ing groans of the tortured captive float upon the evening air mingled with the wild orgies of their frantic revelry and dance, where now is seen the gently flowing waters of Honey Creek, meandering amid the growing and luxuriant verdure of cultivated field and farm, while around us, in open view, we behold the pleasant and flourishing village of New Carlisle, dotting the surface of this fertile and lovely plain with its homes of neatness comfort and taste, and its citizens all happy in the conscious enjoyment of peace and plenty, knowledge and virtue.

Here within this territorial limit, drained by the two Miamis on the South, and the Maumee and Sandusky rivers on the North, within the memory of scores upon scores, now listening to my voice, it was one vast unbroken forest, untenanted by a white man, and only approached by the hostile tread of invading armies, or the death-doomed captive, a prisoner of the wily foe, taken from Kentucky or Tennessee, on his way to be tortured at the stake, amid the wild revelry of song and dance, in insulting memory of his piercing groans and dying agonies. Not

only had the sound of the woodman's axe never echoed in clearing fields for cultivation, but wild beasts of the forest and savages, more cruel than they, held undisputed sway, and rendered all this now fair and beautiful land still more inaccessible and dangerous to every beholder and incoming visitant. Here from traditional reports, and the monumental remains of past generations, the untutored red man had, from time immemorial, wandered in indolent ease and aimless life, only seeking the wild game of the woods when driven by hunger, or the oft occurring excitement and sport of the chase, if not otherwise aroused and engaged, in the fierce strifes of bloody conflicts—glorying in deeds of barbarity, whenever the fate of battle had put their enemies in their revengeful power.

Such was the dark and benighted condition of all this, then trackless and wild waste of woodland and prairie, where, scarce eighty years ago, our noble and brave pioneers first lighted their camp fires, amid dangers and deprivations, still fresh in their recollections, having no weapons of defense save their flint-lock rifles, and a determination of purpose and will, strengthened by a firm trust in the God of Israel for success and permanency of occupation, as they settled, singly or in groups, along the river valleys or dotted the rolling uplands with their humble tenements of logs, the precursors of all the future, great and grand improvements of this far-famed section of the great West.

That all this region was a favorite resort and equally prized by the aborigines may readily be inferred by the desperate tenacity with which they fought and clung to it, and by their populous and numerous villages, scattered all over this area, under the generic names of Chillicothe and Piqua, while the whole country was threaded with deep worn Indian trails and thoroughfares, leading from tribe to tribe and onward to Detroit, branching off again Westward beyond old Missouri's turbid waters, far off to the stamping grounds of the Buffalo and Elk. And it was here, in this locality, embracing South-western Ohio, now so thickly studded with flourishing towns and cities, with every appendage and adornment of the most wealthy and cultured communities, that the original Eden of the red man had

been pictured in all its native grandeur and loveliness. For it had been handed down from the earliest aboriginal origin, not as a doubtful legend, but of binding belief in the absence of a written record, and was a beautiful conception of the Indians themselves, that their race sprung spontaneously from the ground, fully armed, as the goddess Minerva in heathen mythology, in this rich and smiling valley of the Miami, their mother, as their language, when interpreted, makes the name of the river, synonomous with their maternal ancestry. How interesting, and marvellous the fact, that all this early history, dating back to a period, when only the howl of the wolf or war whoop of the savage broke the solitude of this primeval forest, with no rays of civilization gleaming in all this border, that to-day and this hour, we can hold sweet and instructive converse with the very individuals themselves, who, in their own perilous life-time, have been both the active participants and eye witnesses of all the changes, vicissitudes and progress, incident to this unequalled and wonderful drama of human achievement. In oral discourse and narrative form, they can relate with a vividness of reality and accuracy of detail, all the incipient steps of the growth and hazards of life to the first settlers, as only those can know who have personally experienced and know by their own sufferings and dangers how great, and what were the trials and common lot of all. No corroborating testimony, nor the intervention of musty and doubtful records are needed to substantiate their veracity. In the history of Greece and Rome, England or France, we are compelled to search the archives of a remote antiquity or rely upon the traditions of a credulous age, as to the facts and origin of either. Even to the absurdity in the one case that Romulus and Remus, the reputed founders of the Eternal City, were suckled by a wolf. But in this western segment of Ohio, extending 60 miles in width, noted and celebrated by all geographers and travelers, for its great fertility of soil, abundance of timber, stone, gravel, water power, salubrity of climate and variety of agricultural productions, as well as for its nobler and grander institutions of learning, art and science, we have no doubtful authority to consult, no time worn and dusty volumes to turn over to arrive at the certain facts and stirring incidents of our early history, but in this very assembly creditable living witnesses can testify to every step taken and measure adopted, in its onward progress by themselves and co-associates from its first settlement to its present stalwart and grand proportions. Such wonder-working results, as the literal transformation of a wilderness to homes of com

fort and elegance, with every form of civil and religious institutions springing up as if by magic, so soon, upon the very sites of the wigwams, where the war whoop of the savage had ever and anon startled the bold and venturesome pioneer, denote a marvel in the progress and history of our race, only to be accounted for by recognizing in the character of these early settlers such a determined will-power and force of high resolve as belong only to the christian hero, patriot and statesman of our modern civilization.

In their presence, we have to-day met, and to them are indebted, as connecting links, in the chain of our historical researches for the pleasant interviews and promising entertainments literally described without borrowing the poet's license—"as a feast of reason and flow of soul," by all the happy participants in this general reunion of old friends and comrades, the early and brave pioneers, still dwelling in all this surrounding region. As the face of Moses beamed with a flaming radiance when he descended from the mount, so these heroes patriots and christians, reflect their deeds, honor and renown, in a halo of glory, upon all persons, susceptible and appreciative of their imperishable worth and fame. As we contemplate the peculiar characteristics of these early settlers, both from cotemporary evidence, as well as from a personal knowledge, dating back a full half of a century, we find the elements of their success and triumphs, in a combined union of efforts, and concentration of purpose, unselfish and generous to a degree, now almost extinct, and which this present and later generation might well approve and follow. For a common exposure to dangers and the necessity of mutual aid, led each one to share his neighbor's toils, as a part of his own. Here the christian precept of bearing one another's burdens, was practically fulfilled. Thus naturally a social and harmonious feeling of tender friendships grew up, and were fostered in every community, and a brotherly regard that strengthened a unanimity of purpose, as the outflowing effects of kind offices extended by each to the other. The mutual interests and reciprocity of labor was every where felt and acknowledged, and at log-rollings, house-raising and corn-huskings, for a distance of five, ten and even twenty miles, the early settlers would come together, and render their personal assistance in every needful way, considering all individual advantages and improvements as adding to the general good. And in case of sickness among these hardy sons of toil, the truest sympathy of kindred hearts was manifested by all known demonstrations of a personal devotion, from all the neighbors within a whole days' journey,

each one feeling an interest as deep and warm as if a member of his own family was the one afflicted. By this means a fraternal relation was formed and perpetuated for years, so that the entire community became a band of brothers, and each one interested in the other's welfare. All the pleasures of their social life and intellectual improvements were clustered in and around their own cabins, as neither county nor State fairs were then known, much less the larger exhibitions of a nation's industry, as are now so frequent and attractive. Nor were houses of worship then to be found as now, every few miles, but the groves, God's own temples, resounded with their songs of praise, while their humble dwellings witnessed their earnest devotions and daily recognition of divine providence. No time was wasted in the discussion of the currency question, as to hard or soft, much or little, for raccoon skins and deer pelts formed their only circulating medium. Wages in money was hardly known, for it was help for help again. Political differences had not then arisen, for the State was not admitted into the Union till 1802, and for some time after, their undivided attention was given to the subjugation of the wilderness and preparing it for occupation. Blazed roads over the uplands and corduroy bridges, through swamps, were their early and only thoroughfares. But for these men, we of to-day, could not glide along over mountains high and rivers broad, in palace cars, more elegant than Egypt's queen or Roman Emperor could have furnished, and swifter than wing of bird or foot of beast, while traversing the continent from ocean to ocean, all made possible by their self-sacrifices, toils and dangers. Then too, there was no foreign commerce nor export of grain or stock nor intervention of middle men, nor place for the modern speculator. It was in the year 1796, when the enterprising and daring adventurers, simultaneously settled in Greene, Montgomery, Miami, Champaign and Clark Counties, neither preceding the other, only by a few months. For it was late in the season of 1795, when Gen'l Wayne, known as Mad Anthony, had made a treaty with the North-Western tribes of Indians by which all this rich and fertile territory, lying South of the Greenville treaty line, in these coveted valleys, was ceded to the United States and opened to immigration. But the first twenty years or more was devoted to clearing farms, building houses, mostly log, and making other necessary improvements, such as grist and saw mills, laying out public highways, and all preliminary to the grand march forward, when canals, turnpikes and Rail Roads were to be introduced, to accelerate the growth and to place Ohio foremost among all the

surrounding States in the magnitude and varied utility of her many lines of inter and through communication. To say that, that this portion of the State has more than her full share of these evidences of her thrift and commercial sagacity, only proves the certainty of the legitimate operation of the law of cause and effect, whenever intelligence, activity and zeal unite to secure any given end. As an illustration, that great modern civilizer of the world, an iron road, was early introduced and as the first enterprise, the Little Miami, Dayton & Sandusky, was projected and completed through this section, connecting the Lakes on the North with the Ohio on the South, almost simultaneously with the navigation by canal, between Cincinnati and Toledo. The spirit and enterprise of these first settlers laid the foundations of our Western Society, broad and deep, in pressing, by both precept and example, their own characters upon the growing and incoming population, so that, not only in their material interests, looking to their financial prosperity, were they conspicuous for their far-reaching views and sagacity, but in their provision for educational advantages, they were no less advanced and on the alert for still greater achievements. For no portion of the State abounds with so many and renowned seats of learning, schools for art and science, as well as moral and religious instructions, as this western division. To the casual observer, the reason may not be so obvious, why so high a claim for intellectual superiority should be here presented, but upon a closer investigation, and deeper insight into the early history and ruling motives that induced them to move into this, then wilderness, the true secret of their independent, brave and manly characters, will not be left to any doubtful conjecture. It was not mere chance that led them to select this locality, for the fame of all this region, as the very arcadia of fertility, and delight had already been heralded by the soldiers and officers, under Col. John Bowman in 1779 and by Gen'l George R. Clarke, in his two separate campaigns, in 1780 and 1782, as well as by the prisoners of Indian warfare, so that, when the treaty of 1795 had secured all this rich territory to the United States, the tide of emigration, heretofore held back for years, now set in with redoubled force, containing in its flow the best elements of a conscience awakened manhood, from Kentucky, Tennessee and the farther off Carolinas, as well as from Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, and not a few of the choicest spirits from across the broad Atlantic, some natives of the Emerald Isle, and others hailing from the Highlands of bonny Scotland. This general uprising of so many enlightened and energetic spirits, from so wide an extended area, was the natural outgrowth of the advancing sentiments of this later age of the world, upon the subject of human rights and civil governments. It was therefore hailed with delight, and every where known by all reading and thinking men and women, that this great North-Western territory surpassing all modern Europe, in its broad extent, and its greater fertility and varied resources of cereal productions and mineral wealth, had by the ordinance of 1787, been dedicated to freedom for ever.

Ohio was the first State organized under its liberal principles, in 1802

and in its constitution, the fullest exercise of conscience was secured as an inalienable right, while no religious belief should interpose a social stigma and be a barrier to public office. About this time, the conscientious and sober minded, in many communities in the South, becoming dissatisfied with the institution of slavery, sought a new home, and removed their families to the free soil and fertile valleys and invigorating air of Ohio. Thus it is seen that it is no pretentious claim that the earliest and later immigrants into this section of the State, were not mere adventurers but men of mark, principle and character, bold, independent and humanitarian in their sympathies, recognizing their allegiance to the Higher Law, as of paramount obligation. With such material already prepared for good citizenship, the sequel of their history may well be inferred and explained from moral and natural causes. As early as 1804, the Reverends Messrs. Armstrong and Fulton, graduates of the University of Edinburgh, men of education, culture and refinement, were sent out as missionaries to this region and in the adjoining State of Indiana and exerted a deep religious influence, in all their associations. Mr. Towler and Sales, of the Methodist Church, and preachers of the Christian denomination from Kentucky, came into this section about the same time, as also Mr. Monfortt, Franklin, Putnam and other ministers of the Presbyterian Church. Hence, as a consequent result, Schools, Churches, Colleges, and all the evidences of the highest civilization every where surround us. Institutions of benevolence, grand systems of internal improvements, all the adornments of social and domestic life in homes of comfort and elegance, with all that is charming to the cultivated taste, greet the eye and captivate the heart of every beholder. But, on the present occasion, we have met, more to renew old associations and past friendships, to extend the hand of a warm recognition and to look into each others faces, than to elaborate the history of individuals, or make famous special localities by contrasting the lonely cabin as it revealed its humble presence amid the towering forests, by its curling smoke, so soon to be succeeded by the more palatial edifice of frame, brick or stone, till now the whole surface is dotted over with beautiful mansions and tasteful yards, orchards and vineyards, all approached by smooth graveled roads and durable bridges of the most artistic design and modern finish. Accompanying all this external and pleasing prospect in the outlying features of river valleys, and rolling uplands, the near proximity of school houses and churches, towns and villages, all indicate a numerous and flourishing population, and a due appreciation and lively interest in the condition both of the intellectual and moral welfare of the entire community. How great, how grand the change. In oriental phrase, the wilderness has been made to bud and blossom as the rose. The vine and the fig-tree, the apricot and peach, the plum and cherry, the apple and pear, now everywhere abound, both fragrant and delicious to the taste, and pleasing to the eye. Not only has the earth been subdued, as originally designed, and been made to yield an increase of fruit and grain and "bring forth the living creature

after his kind," but even the murmuring waterfalls and rippling streams have been utilized, and now minister to a thousand and one industries, in the revolving wheels of commerce, ceasing neither night nor day; while they supply the Biarean arms of an intelligent machinery, with motive power for every use and demand, giving employment to thousands, while formerly the flowing fountains and larger rivers rolled away, and onward, to the ocean, as listlessly as from the morn of creation.

Nowhere, perhaps, in all this region can a more striking contrast be found, than to cite the fact that Simon Kenton, the renowned Indian warrior and scout, erected the first corn-cracking mill at Lagonda, distant one mile from Springfield, in 1799, which furnished meal to the sparsely settled counties of Montgomery, Champaign, Greene and Miami, where merely bridle paths, or the deep and narrow trails of the red man, were the only lines of communication. Individuals still living in our midst can testify to many a grist ground there and borne away to keep the wolf of hunger from the door of their newly made cabins, and thus supply the rich delicacy to the loved ones within. While to day can be counted scores of large merchant mills within the radius of as many miles, furnishing their flour to the far-off markets of the old world, from the very site of that humble but popular establishment, where the hero of many a hand to hand conflict with the stalwart and wily savage, in a sanguinary strife—the one to get and the other to save a scalp—was himself the honest miller. And here many an interested group have gathered around his hospitable hearth-stone, eagerly listening to the thrilling tales of his firee encounters and hair-breadth escapes, his many captures and tortures, the gauntlet chase and fiery ordeals, all as a part of his own personal experience. These long ago scenes and reminiscences, have a charm for us, unequalled by the most stirring pages of romance; for they are the records and incidents pertaining to the early history of our pioneer fathers, and in every receding year will be more difficult to be obtained. His stormy life finally closed in a calm radiance of peaceful and Christian hope, in Logan County, in 1836.

But as we follow down the stream of time, not yet sixty years, since the county was organized, and so appropriately named after that successful and renowned officer, Gen. George Rodgers Clark, so familiar in its early annals, we are amazed at the still more striking and wonderful changes that have taken place in the locality of Springfield, giving it a commercial celebrity both throughout the United States and South America, as well as Europe. For in its variety and magnitude of manufactures, its reapers and mowers, threshing machines, and all other agricultural implements, besides every article made of either wood or iron, the name of Springfield, Clark County is as wide spread and favorably known as the cultivation of the soil is pursued, as a science, or language used as a medium of thought among the civilized nations of the earth. Millions in value is no exaggeration of the annual amount of her manufactured products, while miles of buildings are embraced in the area of her

work shops, all following so soon in the wake of that first enterprise starting in a 20 foot log-cabin mill, one story high, by Simon Kenton, on Buck Creek, as a forerunner of all the mighty and grand cyclopean establishments now in operation, in that young giant of the great west. What progress, what growth, and world-wide triumph, for only one of our many flourishing cities, and that too, within the memory of many here assembled. What shall we say of Dayton, Troy, Piqua, Xenia and Urbana? all included within the bounds of this pioneer association. Each one may well claim a historian and biographer to imprint upon the speaking canvass or written page, the fast receding facts and incidents of their early origin and settlement. Many a noble event and grand achievement would emblazon their escutcheon with the names of numerous, well remembered heroes and statesmen, philanthropists and public benefactors. In the honorable schedule would be found schools of learning, art and science, institutions of private benevolence, and city charity, the buzzing wheels of machinery, besides other works of industry and invention of skill, all worthy of mention and a place in the permanent records and archives of our State. To-day every valuable fact and detail could be had from living lips and sound minds. A few years hence, the mantle of perpetual night will have overshadowed all such witnesses, and their oral testimony will be forever silenced in the speechless grave. For as we unroll the scroll of time, we read the names still cherished by hundreds in this assembly, as the once leading and foremost men of their day, beginning with the Millers and Drakes, the Shellabargers, Bakers, Laytons, Corrys, Smiths, Crofts, Kniselys, Staffords, Blacks, Johnstons, Steels, Pauls, Wolfs, Kershners, and hosts of others not here mentioned. How gladly would we perpetuate and hand down to posterity in letters of flaming light, the noble deeds and still nobler sacrifices of those pioneer heroes, who, with their lives in their hands, first settled these Miami and Mad River Valleys, braving the dangers of the wilderness, and still greater dangers of both savage hate, and their fiendish cruelty; but we can only name a few from each county, as the representative men of hundreds of others, calling first the roll from Montgomery—Van Clere and Davis, McClure and Harmar, Newcom and Morris, Patterson and Brown, Thompson and Ferrel, of Miami—Thomas and Barbee, Knoop and Garrard, Hilliard and Hudson, Rollins and Cox, Le Fevrer and Sheets, of Champaign—Vance and McCord, Reynolds and Taylor, Wards and Van Meter, Fyffe and Pithian, of Clark—Donnels and Lowry, Humphreys and Kenton, Foos and Demint, Ludlows and Lambs, Minnix and Sullivan—of Greene, Galloways and Townsleys, McClellans and Marshalls, Wilsons and Whiteman, Mills and Davis, Huston and Stevensons.

What a cluster of rich and memorable associations encircle these names! as worthy a wreath of unfading laurels as ever decked the victor's brow in Grecian or Roman history. No fairy tales, nor Alladin's Lamp ever produced a more wonderful and transforming picture, than they themselves wrought out, and realized in their own life time: and by indulging in the usual poetic license, I can fancy I

hear their spirit voices even now whispering in tender cadence as they hover over this interesting and delightful scene, these words, "Comrades and brothers, your lives have fallen to you in pleasant places, and yours is a goodly heritage. How sweet it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. We have sown, but you shall reap—we rejoice in the harvest—and now a fraternal farewell, till we welcome you within the pearly gates." Such is the choral greeting that salutes my ears.

But I listen again, and another strain is borne upon the sighing winds, murmuring a plaintive requiem, while the towering trees nod in graceful and reverential homage, as they stand the ever silent sentinels, watching over the lowly resting places of these departed braves now sleeping in their time honored cemetery in yonder sacred grave. We to-day tread their old beaten pathways, and occupy their former hunting grounds. As we lift up our voice and call aloud the name of their once Indian village in their native tongue—"Chinchinna"—we wait in vain, but hear no responsive answer. In subdued tenderness we exclaim—hallowed be the spot, and peace to their ashes, for we remember that we too are passing away. Again, it is no chimera of the brain, nor tax upon your credulity to say that the echoing voice of that celebrated warrior and chieftain—Tecumseh—has often been heard vibrating in resounding tones of bold defiance throughout all the deep solitude of these once dense and gloomy forests. For near by on the banks of his own Mad River—a name portraying his own fierce and ungovernable temper—he was born in 1768, and as history relates, was slain at the battles of the Thames by Col. Richard M. Johnson in the war of 1812. To the early settlers he was always a troublesome and dangerous visitor, and a terror to the young and faint hearted.

But with this century, a new era in the world's history has opened upon our race, and the arcana of nature been made to contribute of her hidden lore, so that time and space have been outstripped by the telegraph, and the lightning's flash made a carrier to communicate thought across the ocean's bed, and from Continent to Continent with a celerity unrecorded by the hands of the dial-plate, and astounding in the contemplation, of its far-reaching and beneficial results, in the civilization and christianizing of this lower world. Born in this particular crisis, in the providential sweep of ages, these early pioneers in this western realm were themselves the unconscious instruments, building wiser than they knew, in preparing the way for still grander achievements in the onward progress of the human family. The wilderness was to be cleared, the wild intractable aborigines to be driven out, as in the days of the Jewish Law-giver; schools of art and science to be established, and a higher knowledge of the excellence and glory of the dignity of our nature, to be every where revealed and taught.

When the mists of time shall have been cleared up, and the antiquity of our race better understood, the now venerated names of the old patriarchs, as dimly seen through the long vista of the past,

the hegiras of tribes and nations from one desert region to another—or river valley to upland plain, or even Egypt's more fertile soil to Canaan's fair and happy land, it will be found, that as pure patriots, self-sacrificing hearts, and devout men and women as ever breathed, were among those to whom we are now indebted for all that is beautiful and lovely in the landscape before us, and in the noble and life-exalting institutions of learning and religious culture, all around us, and exerting their purifying and elevating influences, daily throughout the great State of Ohio, and wherever there is an opening in the still farther and illimitable west. It is a habit and device of weak minds, to be always looking back into the remote past for examples of heroism, virtue and goodness, when in our own midst, as well as from our own memories, we can call up names as worthy of canonization for their life long perseverance and labors of love while seeking the moral and religious welfare of all this community as ever was accorded to priest or deacon, from Horeb or Sinai in Arabia's sandy borders, to the green plains of Damascus, or the loftier summits of Judea's later and brighter lights. But what more of interest, contrast or instruction can be added? Your own memories are fresh and full of those devout heralds of the cross—a Steele and Montfort, a Poague and Gray, a Baker and Lasley, a Walter and Reeder, Goble and Henkle, Sale and McGuire, with pleasant recollections of others, the noble men and women, who themselves were the actors in the stirring scenes and notable events, through which they all passed, in the early struggles and settlement of this country. As a moving panorama of life-like objects, all is present and mapped out before you. As they each appear, spread out on the canvass of your memory, salute them with a new resolve to prove worthy their name, and the rich inheritance of their true and manly lives. Now let us rejoice together and perpetuate this pioneer association—and as the skilled artist catches the flitting shadows of sunlight and cloud as they pass over the intervening landscape, never to be renewed in the same outline, form and beauty, so we, too, will appropriate and lay away in the storehouse of our inner sanctuaries, the cheerful and glad, some smiles, the pleasing address and thrilling story, of these early veterans, seldom again to be enjoyed in the coming anniversaries that shall celebrate their deeds and enliven our council. For in the order of the Divine Economy it will be said: "Well done, good and faithful servant," come up higher. Thus may it be, till we all cross the river and welcome each other in that fairer and brighter land, whose pioneers need no yearly gathering, nor other memento, to perpetuate the record of their achievements while passing through this lower world.

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